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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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What Mother Says.

Now here is a hand-glass, let me try
If I can make this true one
And see if all those funny things
My mother says to me.

She says my eyes are violets,—
And what she says is true,—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherries red,
And make a dish to take a bite;
They never look like that to me,—
But Mother's always right.

She says each cheek is like a rose;
And this I surely know,
I never would believe it,—but
What Mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls;
Now that is so very queer,
If some folks said it, why, I'd think,—
But then 't was Mother dear.

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With hair that 's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose, and mouth,
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MR. BRANDT'S WEDDING.

It was the old situation—a situation not unheard of in fiction, and common enough for that matter in real life—a beautiful girl with two lovers, one middle-aged and wealthy, favored by the girl's father; the other, a youngster and poorer man, favored by the girl herself. It is always the younger man who gets the girl's ear in these cares, and it is always the middle-aged man who secures papa's interest—probably because if he were not able to do so he would be out of the running altogether.

The only peculiarities in the present case were that the girl was particularly pretty and the middle-aged suitor particularly objectionable. Kate Thompson was sure that Mr. Brandt was a bear, and that was the least of his enormities. He was a German, as his name betokened, and he was fat, fair and forty. He was well off or papa would not have anything to say for him—indeed he was something more than well off. Schmitz, Brandt & Hernblatt were bankers, money-changers, commission agents and a great many things besides, and they prospered as Germans do somehow prosper, even in this over populated country.

Joseph Thompson, who traded all by himself under the style of "Thompson & Co.," was a very much smaller man, and he felt considerably pleased when the wealthy German banker began to pay his addresses to his daughter. If beauty only were considered in these matters, as in the old fairy-tale days, Kate Thompson might have married a prince. Her mother had been a lady, and she had given her child a share of her highly organized nature as well as of her beauty. Kate always appeared among girls of her own rank like a princess in disguise.

This at least was the opinion of Mr. Frederick Winter. In his capacity of friend of Miss Thompson's brother Tom, young Winter had the right of admission to Mr. Thompson's house; and this privilege he used so well that while Herr Brandt was opening his eyes to the fact that his friend Thompson's daughter was a remarkably fine girl, Fred had already advanced a long way in Kate's good opinion. It so happened that Winter was one of the clerks in Brandt's office, but neither Fred nor his employer knew that the other was acquainted with the object of his admiration.

It was not till after a regular period of bouquet-presenting and compliments that Mr. Brandt made his proposal, and great was his astonishment when he found that Kate refused him. At first he would not believe that such a thing was possible, and took, or affected to take, the girl's timid words as merely the effect of maidenly coyness, not to be understood seriously.

"Oh no, my dear young lady, you do not mean it; you are taken by surprise, perhaps; you want time to reflect. I will speak of this again—say next week."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Mr. Brandt," said Kate, with more spirit. "I respect you very much as papa's friend, but I cannot marry you. Please let us say no more about the matter." And with these words the girl cleverly escaped from the room and closed the door behind her.

A remarkably ugly look came over the German's face at this moment.

"Sohl My fine miss! we—shall—see!" he exclaimed through his teeth.

He first saw was to seek out Kate's father and lay the matter before him. Thompson, a mild man, was mightily disturbed. He saw that the banker was seriously ill-mded, and he knew he was a dangerous man to offend. So, as the readiest way out of the difficulty, he made light of his daughter's decision, said she was certain to change her mind, and added that her judgment was disturbed by a little flirtation she had been carrying on with a young fellow called Winter, but he would see that was put a stop to.

"Winter!" echoed the banker. "I have a young man of that name in my office. It cannot be he, surely? No, no; it would be too absurd."

"Upon my word I can't say, but I think it very likely. I'll ask Tom."

Tom could not deny that his friend and Messrs. Schmitz, Brandt & Hernblatt's junior-assistant ledger clerk were the same man, and the banker soon proceeded to sweep the unlucky young clerk out of his way. He dismissed young Winter the next morning with a month's salary, without assigning any reason, and sent him to join the great melancholy army of the unemployed.

Mr. Brandt waited a few weeks and then renewed the assault. By this time Mr. Thompson had had several interviews with his daughter without any satisfactory result.

"No, I can never marry Fred, papa, especially now that he has lost his situation," said Kate, all flushed and tear-stained, her hair rumpled and her collar awry, "but as for marrying that odious fat German, I would rather take poison myself." Upon which the little man who was the head of the house of Thompson groaned aloud, and looked forward to his interview with the banker with no small trepidation.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Mr. Brandt," he said, as he faced the German in his own dining-room a week or two afterward. "I've talked to her and done my best to reason with her, and it's all no good. I don't think she fancies a foreigner—no offence to you; and I imagine she is still thinking of that young fellow Winter. It was a mistake to turn him off, you know."

Mr. Thompson glanced at his guest as he ceased speaking and gave an involuntary start. He was fairly shocked at the look of suppressed fury depicted on the face opposite him.

"You are pleased to trifle with me," said the German slowly.

The Englishman began to protest, but the big German soon silenced him. "Listen to me. Of course your daughter marries the man you choose. You know that as well as I. I ask you for your daughter's hand, and you promise me. Yes; then you make excuses. What you call 'back out.' But I do not choose you to back out. I intend to marry your daughter. Look here, Grainger Thompson," he continued in a lower tone, "how long have you known me?"

"I should say 'bout ten years," responded the other.

"And during these ten years have you ever known me to turn from my purpose?"

"N-n-no, I don't think I have."

"Or fail to succeed in anything I set my heart on?"

"N-no; I dare say not."

"Well, I mean to marry your daughter."

"But she won't have you."

"Pooh! If you had not played me false, my good fellow, the match would have been arranged by this time."

"Played you false, Mr. Brandt! I—I——"

"Now you listen to me. I've made up my mind to marry your daughter Kate, and I mean to do it. If it costs me half my fortune I will do it. If I have to ruin you in the process I will do it. If——"

"Get out of this!" screamed little Thompson, fairly beside himself with rage. "You stand at my own fireside and threaten me. By Jove, I'll send for a policeman." He opened the door and shouted "Tom!" And the eldest hope of the Thompsons descended the stairs three steps at a time. In a twinkling the street door was open and Herr Brandt was unceremoniously bundled into the street.

When this feat had been accomplished Mr. Thompson felt half afraid of what he had done, for the German banker was an influential man and might be able to injure him. It was too late now, however, for regrets. He drank a glass of brandy by way of steadying his nerves, and magnanimously refrained from telling his daughter that it was all owing to her unreasonable obstinacy that he had got into the scrape.

As for the German, he went home vowing vengeance against the whole family and race of Thompsons. He was more bent upon marrying Kate than ever, for his resentment stimulated rather than moderated his passion. And he had determined to be revenged on her father.

At length he resolved upon a plan of action, and he lost no time in putting it into practice. The first experience poor Thompson had of his enemy's resentment was finding that his bankers, who had always been very civil to him, would not discount some bills he offered them without additional security. He left the bank parlor in a huff, and after vainly trying to place the bills elsewhere, was forced to go to a Jew for the money. From that day misfortunes came thick upon him. Good customers seemed to fight shy of him; shady people whom he hated to have seen about his office came there, patronized him and put him in the way of contracting bad debts. People with whom he had dealt for twenty years suddenly seemed to be suspicious of him; everybody to whom he owed twenty pounds was anxious to get his money. In a word, Grainger Thompson's credit was shaken so seriously that a little more would destroy it altogether.

Sometimes the unhappy man was inclined to attribute these untoward events to the quarrel he had had with Mr. Brandt and the revengeful feelings he had excited in the German's breast; at other times he thought that it was impossible that one adverse influence could be exercised in so many different directions. He did not take into account the readiness with which an unfavorable rumor, coming from an apparently unbiased source, spreads and repeats itself, nor the amount of evil which persevering malignity can accomplish.

At length one day the crash came. A firm who owed Thompson a considerable sum failed just before the day for paying him. The poor man had bills to meet next week, and he had been relying on this very sum to enable him to take them up. He applied to his bankers to help him—in vain; he tried one old friend after another—it was quite useless. Poor Thompson's bills were dishonored, and in a month he was adjudicated a bankrupt.

The comfortable establishment at Blackheath was broken up; all the household goods—the girl's piano, the old man's easy chair, the pictures, the very spoons and forks were seized and sold. There were no friends at hand to buy in some of the furniture to make a fresh start. They went and hid themselves in lodgings in a mean street in the regions of Upper Holloway.

To complete the distress of the family, Tom, who was the only one of them who was earning anything substantial, suddenly lost his situation. Kate found some work as a daily governess, but her salary went a little way in keeping the wolf from the door.

As the old man, now looking seedy and threadbare, was returning homeward along Cheapside one bitter November day after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain employment as a bookkeeper he met Mr. Brandt face to face. An angry gleam came into the bankrupt's eyes, for he could not help entertaining a feeling that the German had had a hand in his misfortunes—certainly they had begun shortly after the time when he had expelled the banker from his house. But Brandt came up to him, fat, flourishing and smiling, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Thompson—my old friend—I was so sorry to hear of your misfortunes." He took the broken-down merchant's unresisting hand and pressed it as he spoke. "I would have sought you out and offered my sympathy sooner, but I feared you might think it an intrusion, as we were not on very good terms when we parted—eh? But let bygones be bygones, as your fine English proverb says. Here is a restaurant. Have you had lunch? What do you say to have a chop and a glass of sherry together, for old times' sake?"

The poor old man was hungry and he consented.

"Now tel me what I can do for you," said the German, when Thompson had finished the most comfortable meal he had had for many a day. "Tell me how you are all getting on."

"Very badly—all of us. Tom has lost his situation."

"Ah, sohl Well, we must find him another one. And my old friend Mees Kate—how is she?"

"She's tolerably well; that is, she's not strong and works too hard."

"Ver sorry; ver sad," said the German, but his face did not betoken any very great grief at the intelligence.

A little more conversation passed between the two men and then they parted, Thompson giving his wealthy friend his new address, and the latter assuring him that he would do his best to find a berth for "Mr. Tom," and that he would write or call as soon as he had any good news to communicate. The old man went home inclined to think that the banker was, after all, "a good sort," and congratulating himself on having found a friend in his time of need.

A week had hardly elapsed from the time of this fortunate meeting, when the banker presented himself at No. 59 Battenberg Terrace, Upper Holloway. Kate's cheeks flushed as she gave him her hand, and the German thought (and rightly) that she looked quite as beautiful in her cheap merino frock and imitation lace collar as she had done in an expensive costume in the days of her father's prosperity.

He said very little to her, turning his attention chiefly to her father. He was the bearer of good news. He had used his influence successfully with a gentlemen whom he knew—a director of an Indian Tea Company—and he was able to offer Tom a post on a tea plantation in India. It was not very much, but better than nothing, perhaps—and it was a beginning. Of course the offer was gratefully accepted on behalf of the young man, who happened to be out that evening; and after a somewhat prolonged stay in the shabby little sitting-room, the banker took his departure. There was something in his manner, composed as it was, as he shook hands with Kate, that told the girl that he had not forgotten the events of the previous year—that he was still in heart her lover.

After this Mr. Brandt became a pretty frequent visitor at Battenberg Terrace, and in various ways he contrived to make himself agreeable to the disconsolate family. Thompson happened to be a member of the Honorable Company of Buckle Makers. A friend of Brandt's, who was a master Buckle Maker, represented his case to the board, and, after a little delay, the decayed merchant found himself a prisoner-prisoner of the company, with an annuity of fifty guineas. Several times it happened that dramatic critics, or managers, friends of Mr. Brandt, presented him with box tickets for various theatres, and on these occasions Mr. Brandt always insisted that his friends the Thompsons should be present at the entertainment. Kate's little sisters were made happy by Christmas presents far exceeding their utmost expectations.

By degrees the German regained a friendly footing in the family circle, and yet he could not be sure that Kate regarded him with more favor than she formerly did. She was always polite to him, but always cold and distant. In spite of this, the German determined to delay no longer. He was madly in love with her—a hundred times more in love than he had been when he had proposed to her the first time. And he thought that in spite of the girl's evident coolness he had now good prospects of success.

This time he said nothing to her father. He watched his opportunity when the old man was out of the way, and pleaded his cause earnestly, but respectfully enough. He said nothing about the strength of his passion; he did not refer to any way in his previous offer. Nor did he allude to the benefits he had conferred upon the family. He hinted that he could offer her a home that would be more than comfortable, and that by accepting him she would be acting the part of a good daughter and securing her sisters' future.

Kate heard him to the end, looking him straight in the face all the time. The German did not like that straightforward gaze; it looked as if the girl had not forgotten the past, and meant to reject him, but he bore it unflinchingly and waited for his answer.

At length it came—she accepted him!

The German could hardly suppress a cry of exultation as he sprang to his feet and approached the beautiful girl who had just promised to be his wife.

"Hush, do sit down, Mr. Brandt," she said, rising and retreating to the door. "I hear papa coming."

Mr. Thompson did, in fact, come in at that moment, and Kate escaped to her bedroom, leaving her lover to tell the news to her father.

The banker left Battenberg Terrace that evening in a whirl of excitement and savage delight. His triumph was complete. That lovely form, that peerless creature, was to be his own. At last, at last he had triumphed. For this he had ruined her father, brought the family to poverty, and appeared in the character of its benefactor. And now the prize was within his grasp.

The German's old friends hardly knew him for the next six weeks. He rushed into all sorts of extravagances. He took a house in Mayfair, and furnished it from top to bottom, engaged servants (every one of them natives of the Fatherland), laid in a stock of wine, and ordered the most magnificent breakfast that a London confectioner could provide.

Very little of this profusion found its way to Battenberg Terrace. Time enough for that, thought Herr Brandt, when the girl was his wife; "and little enough luxury will she have even then," he said to himself, "if she doesn't see fit to mend her manners." Kate was, indeed, as cold to him as ever she had been, and took no pains to conceal from her lover the fact that she looked on herself as a lamb led to the slaughter.

The fatal day arrived. All Mr. Brandt's friends and acquaintances in London, and a good many whose acquaintances hip with him was of rather a slender character, were asked to the wedding. He was anxious to show his beautiful bride to the whole world. As for Mr. Thompson's relations, the banker did not trouble himself to inquire about them—the bride's family were paupers. It did not matter whether any of them were present or not. On the eve of the wedding day, however, a magnificent bridal dress, veil and wreath, and a set of pearls, arrived at Battenberg Terrace, sent by the bridegroom, that his wife might appear in public suitably apparelled.

The morning came. The marriage was to be at the fashionable church, St. Bridget's, Westminster, at half-past eleven, and by eleven o'clock the church began to fill with the bridegroom's guests. At twenty minutes past eleven Mr. Brandt himself arrived, resplendent in a white waistcoat, light trousers, light blue tie, and lavender gloves. He waited impatiently. A curate was performing a hasty marriage ceremony at an altar in a side chapel (for St. Bridget's, as every one knows, is highly ritualistic, and has three altars), the bride being attired in her traveling dress—a bonnet and a large waterproof cloak.

Mr. Brandt was annoyed that another wedding should have been fixed for the same morning; however, he thought, there is time for them to be out of the way before we begin. It was five minutes to the appointed time, and as yet there was no sign of the bride. The minutes passed; the modest little bridal party in the corner disappeared into the vestry, the half-hour chimes were struck on the clock in the tower overhead, and yet the bride did not come.

Mr. Brandt grew impatient, and so did the crowd of well-dressed people in the pews.

Suddenly the vestry door opened and the newly married pair came out; but instead of leaving by the side aisle they came round to go down the centre aisle of the church. They had nearly reached the chancel when the lady slipped off her bonnet and cloak.

It was she, Kate Thompson, his beautiful bride, in that very satin dress and lace veil, married to another—to—to his former clerk, Fred Winter!

It was too much. He sprang toward the girl, but in an instant her husband was between them.

As Brandt stood there, dumb with rage, and mad with disappointment, Kate pointed her hand at him, and her voice rang out clear in the silent church—

"You wilfully ruined my father, and brought us to poverty that you might be able to subdue me to your wishes. This is my revenge."

So saying she swept down the aisle on her husband's arm, and disappeared from Mr. Brandt's sight for ever.

That night a parcel was delivered at his house, containing the wedding finery, and the few presents which the German had bestowed upon his faithless bride.

The fact was that by dint of patient inquiries made in the proper quarters, Fred Winter had learned all about the treacherous conduct of the German, and, as he said, Kate had become privately engaged shortly after the banker's first unsuccessful proposal, he naturally told her what he had found out. Having obtained a good situation at Manchester, the young man pressed Kate to fulfil her promise. He knew nothing about the trick which she meant to play upon Brandt. He supposed it was merely a girlish whim when she insisted upon being married at St. Bridget's Church, and made her lover arrange that the hour should be eleven o'clock, just half an hour before the time fixed for Mr. Brandt's wedding.

The Cellar in Summer.

At this season the cellar must be kept cool, dry, ventilated and clean. The doors must be closed as much as possible during the day, but they may be opened about midnight, and remain open until early morning. During the latter half of the night the air is cool, and air must be admitted to keep the cellar dry and pure. If kept clean, a great deal of airing will be needed. If the cellar is damp fruit and vegetables decay sooner, and it is more unhealthful than is generally supposed. Many attacks of fever, diphtheria, or other diseases, result from damp, unventilated, unclean cellars. Keeping the cellar clean and ventilated is the best way to keep it dry; it may be necessary to use other means. Lime placed in the cellar will absorb moisture and noxious gases, and thus help to keep the air pure. Charcoal is also a great absorber of gases. The temperature of the cellar may be lowered by putting a few broken ice and salt in. The rapid melting of the ice cools the air. This will be convenient when a considerable quantity of fresh meat or fruit is to be preserved. It is impossible to keep the cellar in good condition unless the drainage is efficient, and there is a proper arrangement of doors and windows. Double ones are needed to keep the temperature at the right point in summer as well as in winter.

Morning in Mexico City

An early morning start brings us first to the flower market. Whole families seated about are busily engaged in arranging flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. The flower girls, with their olive complexions and brilliant eyes of jet, their white teeth, beautiful hair in long braids carelessly swung over well rounded shoulders, with skirts gathered short to the uncorseted waist, nimbly ply their delicate fingers so rapidly that they weave bouquets as it were by magic, the roses, the lilies and the forget-me-nots dropping into their places and forming garlands and wreaths of endless variety. Then to the market square, near the palace, where a jabbering throng of lazy men and loosely dressed women, with robust voices, implore you to purchase almost every article of household necessity, including fruits and vegetables.

Water carriers, with their earthen jars slung over their heads, are passing to and fro, delivering the morning supply of water from house to house. The little burro, that tiny quadruped so necessary to Mexicans, hardly yet awake, is pushed along by his master. The little fellows, in groups of a dozen or more, are loaded down with everything from a chicken to a stove. The slightest laxity on the part of his master and he stops short to nibble at the nearest thing at hand, be it an old shoe or a tin can. The question was once asked, "Can a burro driver be a Christian?" the answer being, "He might if he tried very hard, but he would have to give up driving burros."

Lovers' Etiquette in Japan.

In Japan it is etiquette for a lover to select some choice plant and place it at night in a vase or flower pot that hangs suspended by three slender chains from the veranda of such dwellings as possess one or more marriageable daughters. Should his suit be favored the floral gift is watered and carefully tended; but if, on the contrary, his advances are coldly received by the maiden or if her kinsfolk object to the alliance, the plant is found withered and forsaken in the garden walk the following morning.

—In one district in New York there is one saloon to every 41 persons.

—Sixty millions of matches are said o be made daily in Akron, Ohio.

GOLD AND GILT.

The False and the True.

When I promised my dying mother that I would look after Benny unt l he was eighteen years old I meant what I said. I had only the income from ten thousand dollars and my own earnings to depend on, but we managed to get along very well.

I could not break my word to mother, even when Fred Dare asked me to be his wife. Ben must live with us if I married at all. Fred grumbled and said he must have me alone or not at all, and when I was firm went off in a rage, and I saw him no more for a week. He was very penitent and anxious for my favor. But somehow I never felt the same toward him again, and, though he pressed me to name the wedding-day, I kept putting him off and putting him off, for I felt a little worried.

The months went on. One morning I received a note from John Arnold—John and I had never met since I had told him, more than a year before, that his love for me was hopeless; but often and often I had felt and had cause to know that from a distance he watched over me like a true and faithful friend. The note said:

MY DEAR MISS MARGARET: There are rumors abroad that Simpson's Bank is in difficulties and may suspend. I am sure you will acquit me of all intention to interfere in your affairs, and believe that it is as your sincere friend I advise you to withdraw your money from their hands at once. Otherwise you may lose it. Sincerely yours,

JOHN ARNOLD.

I put on my bonnet and started for Simpson's that moment. The money was paid to me, though not without some murmuring and hesitation, and with my whole fortune in my little satchel and a heart glowing with gratitude to John in my bosom I started for home.

Before I had gone many steps I became afraid. The excitement of the past hour, the suspense I had endured while the money was being paid in, made the danger of utter ruin in which I had unconsciously stood, and the narrowness of my escape from it—all these had sorely tried my nerves, and now all at once a fear came upon me. Was it safe for me to carry so much money? Would it be safe for me to take it with me home? Would some one have watched and followed me? What if I should be robbed? These thoughts unnerved me altogether. A sudden resolve came to me. John had saved the money—John should keep it for me; and, retracing my steps, I hastened in the direction of his house.

They were at dinner. John's store adjoined the house in which he lived with his widowed mother. In I rushed, without stopping even to be announced, and laid the satchel down upon the table beside him.

"There it is!" I cried. "Thanks to you—who have saved it!" And then the sight of him and the sudden change in his face at the sight of me overcame me. I burst out crying violently as Mrs. Arnold took me kindly in her arms.

"She has been over-excited and is hysterical," she said to him gently. "Leave her with me, John. I'll keep her here this afternoon and you can see her presently." So he went away.

That evening, as I lay on the sofa, suffering from severe headache, he sat by me and told me the story. "The bank has gone—the withdrawal of your money finished it; they suspended payment this afternoon. Thank God, you are safe, however."

I put out my hand to him. "Thank God, indeed, and thank you!" I said. He put my hand to his lips and kissed it—kissed it tenderly, reverently, again and again—then dropped it and arose and walked to the window with a heavy, bitter sigh.

Poor John! He loved me still, as much as he did four years ago when he asked me to be his wife. I was a poor girl then; for it was before my little uncle died and left me her little fortune. John had just set up for himself in business. "I can keep a wife now," he said, "and perhaps help your mother with Benny, too." Ah, he was always generous.

Why couldn't I respond to such true affection? He had a right to expect a favorable answer, for I had encouraged his attentions and encouraged his love for months. Indeed, I had believed that I loved him, until I met Fred Dare. He dazzled me, and I no longer cared for Joon. So I refused him; and shortly afterward the fortune came to me and I became engaged to Fred Dare.

But of late—of late—my mind had misgiven me strangely as to the wisdom of my choice. I loved Fred still, but I wondered why I loved him, and even doubted the sincerity of his regard for me. And now, as I looked at John, as I reflected on his constant affection, and acknowledged in my soul how little I deserved it, a vague regret oppressed my heart, and I longed for his esteem and pardon. Under the influence of this feeling I said, suddenly:

"Forgive me, John—forgive me!"

He came instantly to my side. "There is nothing to forgive," he said. "You followed the dictates of your own heart, my dear; I pray God it may bring you true happiness."

And I felt more miserable and regretful than ever after that, and fell to pitying myself, somehow, just as I had pitied John.

Next morning, at my own house, Fred came rushing in with a wild white face.

"The bank!" he cried. "Wasn't your money in the Simpson Bank?"

"it was," I told him.

"Then it is gone!" he groaned. "The tank's closed—broken—ruined—your fortune's gone and you're a beggar!"

He sat down like one stunned, and covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly. I felt inexpressibly touched and gratified to see him take my loss so much to heart. I reproached myself for every doubt I ever harbored against him. This absolute sympathy with my supposed misfortune was so sweet that I resolved not immediately to undeceive him. I sat down beside him and took his hand.

"Don't grieve so deeply," I said, smiling. "Money is not everything in the world. See how calm I am, and of course it is for my sake you are grieved. The loss of my fortune may be endured so long as I am sure of your love."

He put my hand away impatiently. "You talk absurdly," he said. "This is no affair of sentiment. As to my love—of course I love you as much as I ever did," (I believe this to have been literally true)—"but that is not the question. Your money is gone. What are you going to do?"

An air of embarrassment came over him and he averted his eyes from mine.

"In short, how will you be able to live?"

I began to understand him. Scorn filled my heart. Was it for this man I had lost John Arnold? But I resolved to make him speak out and show himself in his true colors for once.

So I said, very simply and quietly:

"How shall I live? Why, where is the difficulty? Am I not soon to be your wife?"

He arose. "I am sorry," he stammered—"sorry that your own good sense does not spare me the necessity of pointing out to you the—the—in short, the inadvisability of our marrying. I, too, have had losses—I am quite poor—I could not support you as I should wish. It—it quite breaks my heart to—to release you, of course—but I feel it my duty to do so. You are young and handsome still; I will not interfere with your chances of marrying well. I should wish"——

I interrupted him. "You would wish me to set you free? Well, be under no apprehensions; I do so with all my heart. Our engagement is at an end, never, under any circumstances, to be renewed. Before you go, however, let me inform you of one thing. My money has been withdrawn from the bank—as I should have told you had you given me time—and is not lost. I have my fortune still. Good morning, sir."

Three months later I told John all about that parting scene. John was about to invest the money for me and had hinted at the propriety of consulting Mr. Dare. "He has no longer any interest in me or my affairs," I said, and told him all. He stood thoughtfully looking into the fire.

"I wish the money had been lost, indeed," he said.

I crept closer to him. "Why, John?" I said. "If I had no money at all, what would become of me?"

He looked down into my eyes. "I would ask you to be my wife," he said. Then there was silence for a little moment, and then—he turned away. My heart gave a bound. I stretched forth my hands to detain him.

"John!" I cried, and hid my face on his shoulder—"couldn't you ask me now?"

So we were married. My first love was the true love, after all. Daily I thank God that I found that out in time—that I escaped the bitter fruit of a girlish folly, and wedded the true and loyal heart that loved me for myself alone.

In Ancient Attire.

Until the end of the eighteenth century it is doubtful which sex went to the greater extreme in the matter of dress; certainly they kept very much in the same line, and no change appears to have been too ridiculous or too extravagant for adoption, says *St. James Gazette*. High-heeled shoes, muffs and fans were common to all.

The modern exquisite, armed with eye-glass and dressed strictly *a la mode*, can bear no comparison with the beaux who in the reign of Charles II. paraded the streets singing, their faces spotted with patches and with love-locks, the ends of which were tied with large bows of silk hanging on their shoulders. At their knees were bunches of ribbons of all colors, while their boot-tops were turned down as low as an ornament, in order to show the fine lace with which they were lined.

No less remarkable was the first-rate exquisite of the reign of James II. He carried about with him a large comb of ivory or tortoise shell, and with this he combed his peruke (an article of attire then newly introduced from France) while in company with or at the opera, doubtless with the same air as the modern gallant twirls his moustache.

Who would imagine that Raleigh, when he spread his cloak over the miry spot which the virgin queen desired to cross, could have been clothed in aught but doublet and hose, with high ruff, short cloak thrown over one shoulder and a long rapier hanging by his side? And what would have become of the renowned Falstaff were he attired in a court suit of the present day?

Without the grandeur of silk and satin, or the glitter of innumerable jewels, these historical characters would sink almost into insignificance.

Nothing could be more recklessly extravagant than the dress of such as George Villiers, who at one time ordered twenty-seven suits of clothes richly ornamented with lace, gold, silver and jewels. One of these is said to have been of white velvet, thickly incrusted with diamonds valued at £80,000, and these were fastened so loosely that he could by a slight movement shake them off to the great delight of those in his immediate neighborhood. Nor did his extravagance stop here. In his richly-decorated cap was an enormous feather almost covered with diamonds, as were also his belt and sword.

Raleigh also proved himself lavish as regards his dress. The shoes alone which he wore on special occasions were covered with diamonds valued at nearly £80,000, while rubies, pearls and diamonds glittered on every part of his costume.

A suit of armor which he possessed was made of solid silver, and in many other instances this love of show was observable in him.

Among the nobility each seemed to vie with the other for precedence in the value of their attire, and some are even spoken of as having had their horses shod with silver.

The ladies also exhibited their love of grandeur, and we hear of a lady who appeared at the marriage of Elizabeth of Bohemia "like a comet, all crimson velvet and beaten gold, the embroidery with which her dress was covered being valued at £50 per yard.

Mesmerism as a Cure for Topers.

The following story comes from Soissons: It is affirmed that about a fortnight ago a young man was mesmerized by one of his friends in the presence of several persons. After some of the usual experiments the magnetizer said to the patient: "I forbid you to drink wine during the next fortnight." The patient was then woke up by the magnetizer blowing in his face, and though he is no longer in his presence, it is affirmed that he cannot carry a glass of wine to his lips. If the glass is filled with beer, water or anything else his arm will obey him and take it to his mouth, but if it contains wine him suscles are paralyzed.

LIFE IN VENEZUELA.

The Climate—Luxurious Homes and Princely Entertainments.

There was something almost uncanny in the air. We were only 3,000 feet up, and still the pulse grew quicker, breathing was more rapid, a little giddiness came occasionally, and there was a curious sense of sound in the noontide stillness of the scene.

Walking soon caused fatigue, and we might have been not a little uneasy about our apparent weakness, if our good friend, Major Scott, had not assured us that it was due to the change of elevation; that the same thing happened to him, and that it took only a few days to grow accustomed. Beside that change, we speedily found another. At La Guaira, it had been uncomfortably warm, not to say hot, but at Caracas a double blanket was always needed on one's bed, and the mercury was rarely up to 55 degs. before 7 A. M. More than once a little fire would have been thankfully welcomed. Native ladies wear white largely, but foreigners rarely find the air warm enough to justify a change from their home attire.

Streets in town are wide for the tropics, and well paved, though with narrow sidewalks. As a rule, houses are built of one story, for fear of earthquakes, such as have devastated the city more than once in days gone by. Outer walls are plain and somber, bearing no relation to the luxuriant interiors. Around a spacious patio or court, filled with trees, flowers, ornamental fruits and a fountain in two, the house spreads its colonnades and opens wide its doors. Forbidding enough to strangers, the portal is no sooner passed than the scene is one of true home-like comfort, of every accessory that taste and money can provide. They live like princes, these Caraquenos, in the uppermost grandeur, and their hospitality is as free as a Persian's. They have carried the study of entertaining very far, and their dinner parties would be difficult to excel in New York or Paris. Such floral decorations as adorn every table in Caracas could only be obtained in New York at a first-class florist's, and at a great cost.

It would be difficult to find in any land more charming women than the Caraquenas. Spanish descent has given them a grace of figure and of motion that is all their own. Their pure mountain air and sans souci mode of life furnish a complexion that would be veritable velours de rose, if they would only keep detestable powder away from it. Their constant association with distinguished natives and diplomatic foreigners who largely give tone to a capital, has promoted a quickness of mind as well as a courtly bearing that accords with their fine figures. And they have, beside, a politeness that is wholly native. We found our acquaintances of a month fast growing into friends before the good-byes came, and we are resolved to greet them again some day not too far away.

Among the leaders we were glad to see two of our country women, who, although adopted Venezuelans now, with charming families growing up around them, are still and always Americans, with hearts and hands open to their wandering countrymen.

Amusements are many and varied. Two theatres were in operation, one with a wretched opera company from New York—why people will go so far to sell so little is hard to say